

Idaho 7th Grade Direct Writing Assessment

P.S.1

738

E	STUDENTS DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA	
L	ROUND 1	ROUND 2
L	TABLE	TABLE
L	READER	READER
L		
L		
J	FINAL	
J		

Crash goes the Branch

Silently slumbering, lost in the maze of sleep, I was awakened in the early hours of morning by a loud sound. Startled, but not fully awake, I went back to sleep, dismissing the sound for a clap of thunder or a car back-firing. When I woke up in the morning, we found that a large branch had fallen into our yard. Though no one was hurt, it was a scary experience which awakened us to the harm it could have caused, why it happened, and how it affected my family's life.

There were three stages of the accident: the branch falling, my mother finding it, and its removal. At around three a.m., I was jolted awake by the sound of a fifteen foot branch hitting the ground. Its impact destroyed a picnic table, some chairs and many of our flowers. When my mother left for work, she was met with this scene of chaos. She told my father, who removed the branch to a different area so it wasn't in our way. Then, we sawed it up for firewood. The flowers lived, but the real damage caused by the branch was done to the picnic table, which we had to replace. The damage was not as bad as it could have been, but the realization that such an unexpected event can happen, and in such a short time, disrupted my family's usual routine.

My family's usual routine needed to include our readiness and the care of the tree. We were not at all ready for this incident, because, though there was a thunderstorm forecasted for that night, my family had no idea

that there was a dead branch on our maple tree. This branch jutted out precariously over the main walkway to our garage, and over our patio. If, several months before hand, we had the dead wood cut back, this wouldn't have happened. We can't control the weather, but we could have done a bit of prior care to ensure that this incident wouldn't have happened.

However, the accident did happen, and we had to repair the damage, ensure that this type of problem wouldn't occur again, and learn to accept the accident as part of life. The electrical lines had been damaged by the branch, so repairing them was a necessity, in addition to replacing the picnic table. Later in the week, my father had a tree company prune back any dead or rotting wood on the tree to prevent any of it from falling. One by one, we stitched together again the old quilt of our life. By taking it in stride, we could accept the damage, and work to repair it. Our home had swung way out of orbit, but after a while, we were able to return it to its normal course.

After the events had happened, when we figured out why it occurred, and when we got back into the normal swing of things, we were able to look back onto the bright side. No one had been injured by the branch; our house was still standing; and best of all, the tree is still there, shading our house with its long finger-like limbs.

PSI 738